

OUR OWN EMOTIONAL SERIES—By William E. Hill.

FEAR

By

Pearl Calcium.

JEALOUSY

By

Clarice Los Angeles

ENVY

By

Gladys Greenfield.

TERROR

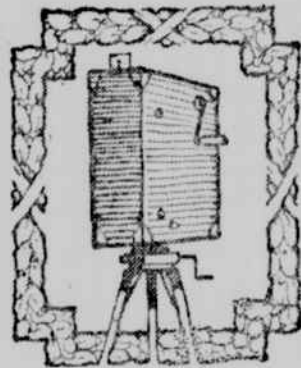
By

Mary Flickford.

LOVE

By

Ruth Rawstuff.



OPEN SEASON FOR ROOKIES IS ALMOST HERE

of the post, where skirmish drill with packs was first sprung on the sweating rookies in all its crawling horror, whenever feet began to swell and burn and the sweat began to run into the eyes, the rookie longed for the peace of X Company street, the shade of the billowing brown tent, the ineffable delight of lying flat on that narrow cot, and the privilege of stripping to the waist for a quick oblation in the tin washbasin or strolling, a bath towel across his shoulder, to the long file of spigots which rose like gray flower stalks from the water line beyond the street's further end.

WHAT MAKES THE REAR RANK BREATHE SO HARD? THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS.

"What makes the rear rank breathe so 'ard?" quoted Brown one day, as Tent 31 broke ranks and gathered in drooping council on their cots' edges. A weary smile went round.

"The answer is obvious," put in Grady.

"That goes for the front rank also!" Lester raised his head to grin.

"No time for a swim before mess, Morry!" warned Grady, as the big dandy began to unlace leggings.

"I suppose you're right." And Morry lay down on his back. Then up rose Phillips to perpetrate this parody:

"Oh, take me back to X street,
There let me live on 'die!"

"Hey, it is good to get back to the old street; I'm getting rested already." Grady began to dig for a clean towel. Removing his undershirt, he plunged out into the sunlit street singing.

"Company X is on parade to-day!"

THE light of friendly ridicule was in the regular army sergeant's eyes. In a lowered tone he remarked to Signal Private Bard:

"So them's the tourists!" X Company was formed for the first drill in the buoyant sunshine of a cool August morning.

"You can't tell," replied Private Bard. "Maybe them fellows'll learn us somethin'!"

A laugh gurgled up from Sergeant Shippey's chest—there was room in that great barrel for a mightier uprising.

The drill sergeant's eye was following the company commander, as he patiently explained the position of the soldier, the way to hold the gun at "order arms," the attitude of "attention," the proper motion when "port arms" is ordered, and the rest.

"Count off!" came the company commander's order. "Front and rear rank men count together—one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four. Now!" After the third attempt X Company was divided into sixteen squads of eight men, four in the front rank of each squad, and four in the rear.

"Squads one to five will be the first platoon; from five to nine the second platoon, and so on. I will take the first platoon, Lieutenant Wise will take the second, Lieutenant Fraser the third, and—the fourth platoon will be in charge of Sergeant Shippey. Sergeant Shippey take the fourth platoon!"

LEARNING THE MYSTERIES OF "FALLING IN."

X Company's commander led his platoon away to the grassy oblong lying between the tents and the railroad track.

The drill sergeant faced his four squads of over-anxious "tourists"—thin and fat, erect and stooping, the goggle-eyed and those without glasses, tall and short. They might be mayors or millionaires at home, but here they were just rookies, awkward and shrinking. The sergeant took a gun from the tin grasp of No. 2 in Squad 15, and stepped six paces to the front.

"Fall in," he began, "is executed with the piece at the 'order arms'—like this." He stood erect, lithe, powerful, an olive drab statue, the gun held lightly, with the butt resting against his right foot. "Now, 'Fall in!'"

Thirty-two rookies shuffled into a ragged double line and dragged their rifles forward. The drill sergeant scanned them critically.

"That ain't right—barrel to the rear! Watch me; hold the piece like I do—you, No. 2 of the front rank in Squad 14, don't choke your piece! Hold it loosely! Everbody pay attention."

"Say, we're supposed to be in formation here! Dress up to the left. Remember, the proper interval between men in ranks is four inches from elbow to elbow, and the proper distance between the front rank file and the rear rank is forty inches—extend your arm, and get back until the finger tips just clear the man's shoulder blade in front of you."

"Get your proper interval by placing the palm of your left hand on the hip, fingers extended downward, like this, and elbow out straight. The man on your left then moves over until his left elbow comes in contact with your right arm. Now, 'fall in!'"

Bing! Bing! Bing! Like the explosions of a bunch of firecrackers came the instructions and commands, Sergeant Shippey's gaze level with the rookies' collarbones, the neat "Montana peak" of his blue-corded hat scarcely nodding as he carried the thirty-two sweating men through the first simple movement of the Manual of Arms.

BRINGING A RIFLE TO ONE'S SHOULDER IS NOT THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD.

A rest of twenty minutes, another bugle call, a second company formation, and a brief talk by the company commander. Then X Company was driven forth to try in unison the difficult job of bringing the rifle to right shoulder arms during the first three steps following the command, "Forward, march!"

"Sergeant Shippey, step out here!" The company commander turned to address the rookies. "Now, watch and see how Sergeant Shippey does it; 'For-ward, ho!'"

In splendid silhouette Sergeant Shippey stepped out with his left foot an accurate thirty

inches and with the motion threw the rifle across his breast; at the second step the rifle leaped to an angle of 75 degrees across the right shoulder, his left hand rigid at the cocking piece; and as his left foot struck the ground a second time his left hand settled to his side.

"Now, the halt. This is harder; after the command 'Halt!' is given make one more step and then bring the other foot up on line; then in the next three cadences bring the piece to the 'order.' Watch Sergeant Shippey."

Again the drill sergeant illustrated the poetry of motion.

"Geel! It looks easy," whispered a rookie.

"It is—for him," assented his neighbor in rank.

"Cut out the talking!" came the company commander's order. "Now, try the forward march."

And oh, the wonder of that first mad, awkward scramble to step out together and get the nine-pound rifle to the right shoulder. One hundred and thirty men dodging a million infuriated hornets would have performed the same wild antics.

Sergeant Shippey, marching alongside the stricken column, spoke softly out of the corner of his mouth:

A TIMELY JOLLY BY THE SERGEANT DOESN'T DO ANY HARM.

"Boys, you're doin' fine!" He allowed himself the ghost of a grin, casting the merest shadow of cheer over the humiliated ranks.

"You old flatterer!" whispered Private Brown, of Tent 31, grinned faintly, then challenged:

"I dare you to come to Tent 31 after mess and drill Squad 4 for ten minutes!"

"I'll be there!" promised Sergeant Shippey, and he moved forward to save the heels of the front rank of Squad 3 from being trodden by their file men.

With Private Bard Sergeant Shippey lived in a tent at the head of the company street. Seldom speaking except at drills, rolling and smoking slender cigarettes, a moving illustration of trained efficiency, he became trusted nurse of X Company. From tent to tent he strolled, to stand serene and contemplative

while the rookies made up their first packs; he took guns that had been disembowled by curious and ignorant hands and with a dozen deft motions restored them; he became the instructor of harassed corporals struggling to keep in advance of their squad members in the race for military knowledge; at the cleaning racks he was the presiding genius, and his word was the law as to every "dope" on the list of solvents and oils and unguents used to keep the rifle in order.

"Oh, it's sergeant this and sergeant that, an' sergeant please come here!" sang Private Brown long after that first morning's drill had become a memory. He went to sit beside Shippey on the latter's cot, offering a cigarette, monogrammed, from a silver case.

"Sergeant, what's the tip on this 'hike' proposition—I mean as to what a fellow has just got to have in his pack in the way of extra socks, underclothes, towels and?"

"The fewer the better; wash 'em out in the streams an' let 'em dry in the sun an' wind while you're gettin' cooled off yourself."

"And that sleeping on the ground proposition! Let's have another try at a one-man sleeping bag."

WHEN ABOUT TO REST, DIG A HOLE FOR YOUR HIP.

"Don't forget to dig out a hole for your hip," the sergeant reminded Brown as he left the tent. Back among his resting mates in Tent 31 Brown paid his tribute to Sergeant Shippey, of the 30th Infantry, drill expert, patient tutor and gentleman:

"Gentles, it is my unprejudiced opinion that X Company's drill sergeant, Shippey by name, is one prince! I want to serve on a committee to raise funds to buy something for him to show that this company appreciates what he has done for us."

"The ayes have it; go to it, Brown!" Grady, reclining on his cot with his head propped by a suitcase, stopped reading the infantry drill regulations of the United States Army and pointed a finger at the tent door. "No time like the present!"

So Brown went forth to gather contributions, humming his improvised tribute of affection for Sergeant Shippey:

"Oh, it's sergeant this and sergeant that, and sergeant, please come here!"

Now, what would this here company do without Sergeant Shippey near?"

literature, but a singable jingle, as was proved on many weary route-step marches:

"As we go m-a-a-r-ch-ing,
And the band begins to p-l-a-y,
Hear the girls all c-h-e-e-r us—
Company X is on parade to-day!"

That last line came out with a wonderful snap. If Captain Herd, watching X Company's frantic attempts to keep step when "At-ten-tion" was given, gathered its ironic force he proved himself the perfect gentleman and never made any comment.

Twenty days X Company street was home to Brown and the rest—in that time street gossip was born and grew big; nicknames ran up and down; Grady had made an accurate census of the town's saloons and motion picture palaces during those after-taps hours when the signed-off rookie might forget "Squads left!" in the cooling rids. Arm in arm from mess or the evening lecture, Rookie Wilson, from Cleveland, who manufactures automobile trucks, learned to walk with Hooke Professor Van Tuyl, teacher of art at Harvard. "The fruit's on me this time!" You could find a tentful of X Company men, in any brief interval of leisure, crowding the rough board counter of the Camp Exchange and competing for the right to buy everything from ice cream cones to oranges.

A MAY-POLE DANCE IN THE HEAT OF AUGUST.

Tin washbasins, supported on tripods of tent pegs, plumed beside the entrance to the tents. Hand mirrors swung swayingly to the outside walls, where shaving went on during every daylight period of rest. On blazing hot days the guy ropes of the tent walls were loosened and the six rookies wound the heavy brown canvas round and round the centre pole—a weary May-pole dance—so that cots and blankets might get a proper airing.

Fourteen times a day X Company formed at the head of the street in double ranks. Fourteen times a day the top sergeant raked it with his glittering eye, seeking gaps. Fourteen times a day the top sergeant paced close to the company commander, saluted, and reported—or marched briskly around the right flank to take over from Captain Herd the onerous duty of commanding, "Inspection ar-r-ms! Port ar-r-mal! Company dismissed!" The street became, indeed, familiar ground!

On the drill field, on the hard road, in the back stubblefield, on the broad parade ground